



1810

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[No. 11.]

THE EFFECTS OF SELFISH PRINCIPLES.

ROUELLE D'Aguessau, a young nobleman of great fortune, became independent at an early period, by the death of his parents. His education was entrusted to a contemptible wretch, who regarded polished manners, and a knowledge of the world, as the only qualifications necessary for a man of rank and opulence. By this tutor he was introduced early into life; and the vices of every description which he witnessed, the disregard of morality manifested by almost every person of fashion, the flattery incessantly bestowed on the amiable and polished youth, tended to corrupt his heart in a very high degree. The acquaintances which he formed at this period, completed his ruin. He soon adopted the system of the Parisian *beau monde*—to live only for himself and his own pleasures; and his cultivated mind endeavored to defend this principle as the only true system of human existence.

The youthful Rouelle was a philosopher in his way:—"Pleasure," said he, is my object; moderation

will prolong the enjoyment, and prudence will secure it." Moral purity seemed to him a chimerical idea, adapted only to the stupid and the vulgar. The appearance of virtue was every thing in his eyes; and he was actually considered at Paris as one of the most virtuous young men of his time.

On a journey to Poitou, in which province his estates were situated, he was detained at a village where the sudden inundation of a river had swept away the bridge. As the inn afforded but wretched accommodation, he enquired for a night's lodging at a decent house, belonging to a farmer in the village. The farmer, a respectable old man, received him with the utmost cordiality, and assigned him the best apartment. Rouelle came down stairs at night to sup with the farmer; he was astonished to see the most beautiful girl his eyes had ever beheld, seated by the side of his host. Her conversation at table soon convinced him that she had not received a common education. Her father had lived many years in the world, but being weary of its inquietudes, had withdrawn to this spot with the remainder of his fortune, to enjoy

tranquillity, and devoted his attention to the education of his daughter.

The sight of the charming girl inflamed Rouelle's desire: he sought a pretext for staying a few days at the house; and such was the hospitality of his venerable host, that he was not long at a loss for one. This interval he employed in attempting to discover Susannah's weak side; but he soon perceived that his usual arts were incapable of gaining the heart of this lovely female; he was obliged to depart without having obtained any further advantage than the moment he first beheld her. She spoke of virtue, and with such earnestness, that he could not refrain from considering this virtue as something more than a mere phantom, but studiously avoided betraying his own principles.

He called again upon his return: his modesty gained the confidence of his host, and his amiable manners procured him Susannah's good will; but the latter opposed his advances with such resolute constancy, that he could not proceed a single step without the utmost caution. All his artifices were not sufficient to subdue her heart. He considered the sex, without exception, as the votaries of vanity and sensual pleasures; but he now met with one who was equally a stranger to vanity and desire. The mere suspicion that

it was possible to entertain principles like Rouelle's, excited horror in the mind of the virtuous Susannah. In vain he employed every possible method to inflame her vanity. His utmost exertions were ineffectual; but his passion was only strengthened by the opposition he experienced. He was in a manner fascinated by her; he even felt respect for her virtue. "If I meet with two other such mortals," he exclaimed to himself, "my system will be overturned." It is true, he still retained his system, but his sensuality was converted into something of a superior nature—into love. He felt, that with Susannah, in the confidence in her virtue, he might live happily even in the country; and he was surprised by an idea which he had before considered impossible, that of an union with the object of his passion. "Pshaw!" said he to himself at this idea, which the more frequently recurred to his mind, the more his hope of seducing the girl diminished.

Rouelle found that he had gained Susannah's love; and he almost despaired that her love was the medium by which to inflame her imagination. He exerted every effort to obtain his aim; and thus more than once excited Susannah's mistrust. This gave occasion to scenes of a very serious nature, in which Susannah's character, and her abhorrence of criminal desire, appeared in such a strong light, that he was at a loss

what to think of those among whom a female of this stamp resided. His heart began to oppose the system to which his head still adhered; he was irresistibly hurried away by the omnipotent passion of love. He had no other method left of becoming happy, than to offer Susannah his hand. He scarcely knew himself what had happened to him; he even felt a secret antipathy to the idea of destroying Susannah's peace; so that there existed at least one individual, whose happiness he respected. With a sensation of composure that was quite new to him, he offered Susannah his hand; and when with tears of rapture, and a throbbing bosom, she sunk into his arms, he felt the reward of virtuous minds—*regard for himself*. He exclaimed as soon as he was alone, "No, by Heavens, virtue is not a chimera!"

Susannah became the wife of Rouelle. At her request, he accompanied her to his estate. The felicity resulting from the tranquillity, confidence, and tender affection which he now enjoyed; the virtues of his spouse, her chastity, her benevolence, her humility, shook his system, and raised in his mind powerful objections against it.

At the expiration of a year, Rouelle became the father of a son. He pressed the infant, with trembling joy, to his bosom, and exclaimed—"No, no, by the con-

viction of my existence! virtue is not a phantom." Susannah presented him with another son; but on this occasion, his joy was moderate. He had passed a few months at Paris, where a charming opera-dancer had excited his desire, so that he returned with only half a heart to his country-seat. He soon set off again for Paris. With an inquietude surpassing what he had ever felt, he sought the acquaintance of the captivating dancer! He was unintentionally guilty of infidelity to his wife, and he again flew to his system, because it alleviated his uneasiness. He ceased to love Susannah, but he felt for her a boundless regard, and this regard became an oppressive burthen, because it interrupted the tranquil enjoyment of his pleasures. "Pho!" thought he, at last, "mankind are all alike, and my wife is not better than the rest; she wished to be called Madame de Rouelle; and hence the part that she acted. Her wish was rank, title, wealth; mine is pleasure." His system returned to its former channel; he remained at Paris, and compelled himself to forget his regard for his wife. She wrote to him; he returned her a cold answer. She repaired to Paris; and he said to her, drily, "I have no objection to your residing here." When she observed his deviations, she employed her utmost endeavours to restore the felicity of the first years of their union—but in vain. That he could

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not withdraw his respect of her virtues, only rendered him still more cold and indifferent ; and by way of revenge, he even represented his principles as worse than they actually were.

Susannah's bosom was wrung with the acutest anguish when Rouelle frequently gave her to understand how sincerely he repented his marriage with her, and how much she stood in the way of his pleasures. One evening, upon his return home, a letter was delivered to him, from his wife. "I leave you, sir," she wrote, "and for ever ! Inclosed you will find every necessary document to enable you to procure a legal dissolution of our marriage, by which you have been rendered so unhappy. I have taken my eldest son with me ; the youngest I was obliged to leave with you. If the child should recover from his present illness, I intreat of you, by your paternal feelings, to keep him in the ignorance of your principles. There is such a thing as virtue, Sir, and there is an avenger of vice. A sum of money which I have taken with me, and which you will think too small, because it would probably be insufficient to purchase one of what you call pleasures, shall serve to place your son in that situation in which his grandfather, and his unfortunate mother were once so happy. This boy shall never know to what he is entitled by his birth, and your fortune. I have learned by expe-

rience the dangers of rank and wealth ; and of these I am determined to keep him in ignorance. O, Sir ! you ridicule virtue, but were you to see me upon my knees by the bed of your youngest son ; were you to hear me imploring you not to corrupt the heart of this child, you would at least not ridicule the tender feelings of maternal anxiety.—Farewell !"

Rouelle's eyes grew dim at the perusal of this letter : his wish was gratified ; but yet he felt inquietude. He loved his son, and still entertained sufficient regard for Susannah, to wish that she might never suffer want. He ascribed his uneasiness to the generosity of his mind ; but it was nothing more than the remorse of his conscience. He laughed ; and it afforded him a degree of a satisfaction, when he was informed that his wife had left Paris in the company of a young man who had been an object of her esteem. "This accounts for it," said he. "The hypocrite !" He made inquiries concerning the residence of the supposed seducer of his wife, and found that he had done injustice to Susannah : he then endeavoured to discover her retreat, but in vain ; and, after a year of incessant dissipation, both she and her son were forgotten.

Now that Rouelle was relieved from the galling yoke of matrimony, he laid down a plan for his

mode of life, to which he was determined to adhere. His house became the constant abode of all the pleasures of sense. As riches were indispensibly necessary to secure his felicity, he maintained the utmost regularity in his domestic establishment. He did not rush into the destructive vortex of sensual gratification, but enjoyed his pleasures with moderation, and even with a regard to decency. He concealed the plan of his life, as well as the manner of executing it, beneath continual cheerfulness; he was therefore regarded as an exemplary young man, and became the favourite of every company. Not a word, a look, or a significant smile, ever betrayed any of his conquests. He was the most accomplished seducer of every female whose charms inflamed his passions; but they had never any cause to fear lest their reputation should suffer by their compliance. Rouelle enjoyed the triumph of being universally acknowledged a man of a noble and virtuous disposition; though there was not a wish or desire, which he did not gratify, let it cost what it might. He was affable, liberal, and magnanimous; he supported merit, and appeared to live for others, though he lived only for himself, and his own pleasure. The cunning and artifice which regulated his conduct, furnished employment for his understanding. His good taste prevented him from connecting himself with depraved characters; and his finesse spared him

the commission of crimes into which a gross voluptuary would have fallen in his situation. "None can be guilty of crimes," said he, "but a mean, dishonourable scoundrel; and none can act virtuously without a prospect of advantage, but a stupid enthusiast. I am neither, I live for my pleasure, a man can wish for nothing more. Meanwhile I promote the felicity of others, but without any intention on my part. Can this be called virtue? By no means: it is only a wise ordination of nature, that man should promote the felicity and welfare of others, at the same time that he is intent upon his own."

In these principles he likewise educated his son from his earliest infancy: he gave him all the accomplishments necessary for social life, formed his understanding, and even taught him temperance, for he had himself frequently found that he could not satisfy all his wishes. "My son said he, "the gratification of our wishes certainly affords felicity; but the consequence are sometimes so dangerous, that man confined by nature within certain limits, must likewise learn to refrain, in order to be happy." These principles were readily imbibed; the young Rouelle became the pride of his father, to whom he was affectionately attached.

Twenty years had elapsed since Rouelle's separation from Susan-

nah. He had now attained the age of forty-eight years, and was still a very handsome man : his age had, indeed, rendered him still more agreeable ; it had diffused a sober gaiety, a pleasing sedateness, over his whole frame. His life was seldom disturbed by care : rigid temperance had preserved and fortified his health ; in short, he experienced uninterrupted happiness, especially in consequence of the universal esteem which he enjoyed.

STATE OF FRANCE, JULY, 1809.

(Concluded.)

TAXES—CADASTRE.

THE landed property, though so much reduced in value, is, nevertheless, burthened with a direct tax of one sixth part of the supposed revenue ; this, of course, is paid, whether or no any revenue has been received ; and it is at present, in most instances, a tax on land capital. It is even expected that this proportion will be considerably augmented, when the *cadastre* is completed. The *cadastre* is an invention of the political sect known in France under the name of Economists ; it is a survey, by a measurement, of the whole surface of the country, fixing the boundaries of property, and specifying the nature and value of each lot of ground ; in short, it is our

dooms-day book perfected. Considerable progress has been made in this immense work, which is intended as a guide to the land tax, and in some districts where it is actually completed, lands have been rated according to the value they had in 1789 ; that is to say, three times their present value.

Besides this, indirect taxes have been augmented both in the amount of duty laid, and in the number of objects subjected to taxation. In fact, few articles have escaped it. The *gabelle*, or salt duty, one of the greatest grievances complained of at the beginning of the revolution, which was then only partial, has been extended throughout France to its full amount. The augmentation of turnpike duty, the establishment of a toll on all boats of any size, plying up and down navigable rivers ; the augmentation of the duties paid on country produce on its introduction into towns (the only markets) have tended further to depreciate agriculture, by impeding the circulation of its produce. But, by all these means, the French government raises an immense revenue ; the vast number of people employed in collecting it, insures so many partisans, at least outwardly. In the general wreck of fortunes, these places are eagerly sought by men who regret better days, and have now no other dependance.

COMMERCE

Is here mentioned *pro Memorio* ;

it is reduced to dealings with the government, and some bold adventures, mostly by shares in the East and West India trades, and in privateering. Even internal commerce is at a stand, from the bustle of war, the requisitions of beasts of draft, and carts for the armies; the state of the roads, and the various duties on land and water carriage. Notwithstanding the scarcity of colonial produce, its price has lately been reduced, owing to the want of demand, occasioned by actual penury. Refined sugars sell now for *five écus* a pound; brown, of inferior quality, for fifty five sous. As a succedaneum for that article, in some of the wine districts, they make a kind of syrup, by boiling down the unfermented juice of the sweet grape; and this sells as high as twenty sous a bottle. The root of the wild endive, notwithstanding its bitterness, furnishes a substitute for coffee; the bark of the horse chesnut tree replaces the Peruvian bark, &c. Nor let our readers start at these undoubted facts; the remembrance of Robespierre's reign will reconcile the French to any thing short of actual starvation. Those who have still some capital left, employ it in ways we have already noticed; or in *Monts de Piete*, which are extensive pawnbrokers' shops, authorised by government in all large towns; in which money brings twenty per cent, at least; all other kinds of money lending are completely at an end. The

discount of bills, is a mere matter of accommodation, confined to a very few monied men; and the rate is accordingly very low; generally below five per cent.

MANUFACTURES.

Our information on this subject is not so complete as we could have wished; yet from a variety of accounts, we are led to believe, that this branch of French national resource, suffers less than any other, if their former state be taken into consideration. This is owing principally to their supply of the home market, which French manufactures have exclusively to themselves; hence their produce always finds a ready sale, whatever may be its quality. Neither has the want of the principal raw materials been so severely felt as many have supposed. Substitutes have been easily found for the dying drugs; and the privation of cotton has been but momentary. Extensive plantations of herbageous cotton have succeeded extremely well in Italy, and especially in the kingdom of Naples; although the want of seed has somewhat checked their extent. These plantations are under the management of Frenchmen, who receive every kind of encouragement; the cotton is bought beforehand by the principal French manufacturers; and the staple is even finer than was expected, and spins to No. 150. Yet manufactured goods of every kind are enormously dear; the necessities of

the population, though lessened by misery, are but scantily supplied ; nor need we to fear the rivalry of those manufacturers, while they labour under their present want of capital, and are liable to the drafts of the conscription. They now vegetate on a hot bed, with a kind of luxuriance rendered conspicuous by the surrounding desolation ; but they could not stand for one instant the rough blast of a fresh trade.

EMIGRATION.

Nothing can more strongly prove the state of France, than the eagerness with which people of the present middling class seize the opportunity of leaving it. Bordeaux now hardly reckons fifty thousand inhabitants, instead of double that number ; many, no doubt, have retired to the cheaper and more interior parts of the country, to be enabled to live ; but, at the first news of the partial raising of the embargo, people gathering the wreck of their fortunes, have in all sea-ports, applied for passports, which are not refused, except to young men liable to the conscription. They principally come to America, the only country now free from the scourge of war. A single American vessel, the Hope, a few days after its arrival in the Garonne, had collected upwards of forty passengers, half of them were women.

ANECDOTE.

There was a certain intendant of a province in China, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him chief justice of the city in which he resided. It happened that the intendant, on a sudden, became inaccessible ; and, under pretext of indisposition, would neither do business, nor be seen. The chief justice was extremely concerned at this behaviour ; he came often to his house, but was denied admittance : at last, however, it was granted him ; and, when he entered, he found the intendant in a very melancholy posture. He entreated his friend not to conceal from him the cause of his trouble of mind. For a while the intendant resisted the entreaties of his kind visitant ; but at last told him he had lost the imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it ; and was thereby disabled from doing any thing, and that he had no hope of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The chief justice exhorted him to keep up his spirits ; and, instead of giving himself up to despair, apply the great abilities he was known to possess, in devising some means to recover the seal again. The intendant sighed, and said that was impossible. The justice asked him whether he had any potent enemy. " Yes," said the intendant, " the governor of the city

bears a strong antipathy to me, because a friend of his missed obtaining the employment I now hold." "Very well," said the chief justice; "then I have tho't of a method to set all this matter right. Cause the most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment; and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward court of your palace be secretly set on fire. The governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance the moment the fire appears. Deliver to him the cabinet in which the seal was placed. If it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it; and at all events, the blame will lie at his door, not yours."

The intendant instantly adopted the advice, and carried the scheme he had suggested, into execution. The fire drew the governor to the palace, as was expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced. For the governor, finding himself overreached, wisely compounded, by thus returning the seal, for the fraud he had committed in procuring it to be stolen. Thus, observes the Chinese chronicle, the firmness, calmness, and consequent presence of mind of the chief justice, provided a remedy, when a man of superior abilities, but without constancy and equani-

mity, resigned all hope, and abandoned himself to despair.

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A VISIT

ON A SUMMER EVENING.

By Matilda Spencer.

THE scorching heat of the sun had given place to a more tempered rays, when I walked out with an intention of visiting the sick daughter of a neighbouring cottager. A rude and unfrequented path led me to my favourite walk. On one side was a rural hedge, from which the little songsters poured their grateful songs, in notes wild, sweet, and harmonious; on the other, cattle were grazing, before me was an open and extensive field "decked in a sweet variety of greens," while a gently-rising hill, with the aid of a few tall and stately poplars, half-concealed the spire of the village church. Having reached the hill, I sat down, but not to enjoy the rural scenery, which at any other time would have inspired me with delight, for the cold indifference of a friend preyed heavy on my spirits. Lost in pensive recollection, I had almost forgotten the approach of night, and hastily rose to fulfil my engagement. The departing sun-beams still lingered on the cottage which I entered, I found the object of my enquiries much worse than I expected; her pale and faded cheek rested on the maternal bosom of her aged pa-

rent, whose tears flowed as she witnessed the extreme, the agonizing misery of her daughter, and knew that no relief could save her from an early and untimely grave.

I accepted the friendly offer of a seat, and endeavoured, (though in a faltering voice) to console them, but was quite surprised at finding such meek resignation in the good woman, and such unexampled patience in the heavily afflicted girl. I observed that "afflictions were useful lessons to mankind, and incident to mortality; therefore ought to be cheerfully borne."—" 'Tis true, she replied, "I ought to kiss the chastising rod, and bow before the decrees of an all-merciful God! (a tear strayed down her furrowed cheek) but we are too apt to murmur." I said we ought not to distrust the goodness of God!—"Nor do I," replied she, "I have ever trusted in that Being whose care is over all;—amid my troubles, have I ever remembered him who is both able and willing to help. But to see my daughter suffer thus, is hard, and a mother feels." I asked the invalid if she was willing to die: she fixed her eyes earnestly on me, then directed them upwards, and feebly exclaimed, "Not thy will, but mine be done." Her mother said her afflictions had weaned her from the world, but an inward groan from her daughter stopped her. Let me say I felt humbled, "if," said I, mentally,

"this poor woman is thus grateful surrounded by poverty and afflictions, how ought my heart to expand with gratitude? Ought I to repine, if a few briars are scattered in my rose-strewn path?" I, however, checked these reflexions, and offered my mite, which was most thankfully accepted, and promising to call again on to-morrow, bade them good night.

"Peace to the inhabitants of this cottage!" I exclaimed, as I fastened the wicket-gate; "and may that power, on whose goodness you so humbly depend, take your suffering daughter to that happiness she so ardently pants after."

The full-orbed moon had now shed her silvery light around, and the universal calmness that reigned throughout the face of nature, was in perfect unison with my feelings. Never, ye votaries of fashion and dissipation, did ye experience a satisfaction equal to that I felt. It was a pleasure so pure, so fervent, that it had power to hush each ruder passion; to banish every unpleasant reflexion from my memory, and diffuse tranquillity o'er my mind.

On Connubial Love.

It has been thought to be a peculiar felicity for any one to be praised by a man who is himself eminently worthy of praise. How much happier to be praised and

loved by a person worthy of love ! A man may be esteemed and valued by a friend ; but in how different a style of sentiment, from the regard and attachment that may reign in the bosom of a wife ! To feel that we are loved by one whose love we have deserved ; to be employed in the mutual interchange of the marks of this love ; habitually to study the happiness of one, by whom our happiness is studied in return ; this is the most desirable, as it is the genuine and unadulterated condition of human nature. Thus love acts, thus it is ripened to perfection ; never does man feel himself so much alive, so truly ethereal, as when, bursting the bonds of diffidence and reserve, he pours himself enire into the bosom of her he adores.

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GRATITUDE.

Titus Sarinus, and his servants, being executed for assaulting Nero, son of Germanicus, one of them had a dog, which by no means could be kept from the prison-door, while his master was in custody ; and when he was put to death, lay continually howling by his corpse ; a spectator throwing the dog a morsel of meat, he immediately took it up, and laid it to his master's mouth ; and when the dead body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog with great diligence, swam after it, and endeavoured to keep it above water, till his

strength failing him, he sunk with it, and was drowned.

Anecdote.

A few evenings ago, a physician and quack doctor met (by chance) in a certain coffee house, and entering into conversation, the former observed to the latter, " I cannot conceive, sir, how it is, that you have so soon stept into such practice, having been scaacely two years amongst us, and now support a superb equipage, and a splendid establishment ; and as for myself, my education has cost several thousand pounds, yet I can scarcely get a single patient ; although I flatter myself that my skill is at least equal to some of my neighbours." " My dear sir," rejoined the quack, " cease to wonder about that ; observe the countenances of the first *twenty* persons who pass the window, and tell me how many *men of sense* you can make out of that number." The physician having gravely performed the task, was asked by the other to give his opinion, who answered, " he thought there might be *one* man of sense in that number." " Good," says the quack, " take *him* for *your* patient, the *rest* are mine."

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The present weight of a lady's fashionable dress, is exactly *seven ounces*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....
VARIETY.
.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

The following humorous petition was presented to the Legislature of Maryland during the session of 1809.

To the Hon. the General Assembly of Maryland, now anchored in the city of Annapolis.

The humble petition of poor Jack Clark, of the city of Baltimore, sheweth to your Honors, that your unfortunate petitioner, while ploughing the domains of old Neptune, having carried rather taught sail in squally weather, the gale of misfortune blowing hard he overran his reckoning, the watch on deck keeping a bad lookout, he was stranded on the shoals of poverty, soon after overhauled and made prisoner by the commander of the press gang, called the Sheriff of Baltimore, and now lies locked under hatches in limbo, to the great grief of his darling Poll, and sweet little crew, who, since his imprisonment, have been on short allowance. Therefore, your petitioner prays your Honors will order the hatches to be unbarred, by an act of insolvency, that his fasts may be cut, and he again put to sea on a cruise, in hopes that fortune may prove kind, in the distribution of her prize money, and poor Jack once more enabled to cheer the heart of his be-

loved Poll and her sweet little babes. And your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

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In a mixed company, a gentleman thought proper to make such remarks to the lady next him (who happened to be drinking toast and water) as to induce the affronted damsel to take out the toast and throw it in his face. He very coolly took it up and threw it in the face of the person on the other side of him, desiring that Miss B——s toast might go round.

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A pamphlet, published in the year 1734, has the following curious title—"The deformity of sin cured; a sermon, preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. I. Crookshanks. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate, and by all other booksellers. The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight." And the Prince before whom it was preached, though easy in his manners, was deformed in his person.

—
A man and his wife and son, and a cat and a cock and a hen, three pigeons and four pigs, a large bear and a badger, lately lived snug in a single room in Chester, about three yards square. They im-

prove the salubrity of this enviable apartment by the trade of smoking herrings.

Two persons meeting in the street, the following dialogue ensued: *A.* "Sir, I am heartily rejoiced to see you look so well." *B.* "Sir, you are a gentleman."—*A.* "Sir, I wish I could say the same of you." *B.* "So you may without telling a lie, as I did, God forgive me for it."

An Irishman being asked which was the elder, he or his brother, replied, "Faith, I am the eldest at present, but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age."

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, "Oh," said he, *I belong to another parish.*"

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A few evenings since, several persons disputing upon the merits of different Poets, some gave the preference to one, and some to another, it was however agreed, that those spoken of, were all excellent in their way; that *Milton's Paradise Lost*, would have sunk to nothing in the hands of *Shakspeare*,

and that *Milton* could never have equalled *Shakspeare* in the *Dramatic department*. The opinion of a silent gentleman was then requested by the disputants; he very gravely replied, "I perfectly acquiesce in your decision—but you have forgot to mention *Scarron* and *Minshull*, for curse me if I believe any man on earth ever equalled them in their way."

The following strange circumstance has lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Bowes—A man who resided at a remote part of a common near that place, and lived like a hermit, has buried himself alive. He dug his own grave some months ago, and communicated his intentions to only one person. The story soon spread abroad, and many persons were induced to go and see the grave; but the impression the affair had made had nearly subsided, and the people's curiosity was almost satisfied. Last week, however, a gentleman who was shooting near the spot, and who had seen the grave before, went a second time in order to shew it to a friend, but, to their great surprise, they found the man dead in it wrapped in a blanket, with his face downwards. How long he had laid there it is uncertain, as he had not been seen for nearly a week before.

During the last commotions in Ireland, an officer and escort were

sent to arrest a blacksmith near Dublin, accused of manufacturing pikes for the United Irishmen. After seizing the blacksmith, the officer insisted on being conducted to the place where the weapons were concealed, and the poor man was compelled to lead them to a discovery. After trudging very unwilling for about two miles, he approached the banks of the Liffey, and pointing to the river, exclaimed—"there your honor, are the greatest number of fine pikes in all the Liffey!"

MARRIED.

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Alexander Nelson, to Miss Ruth Birch, both of this city.

On Monday evening, the 1st inst. by the rev. Mr. Rowen, Mr. John Johnson, of the firm of Johnson and Halstead, merchants, to Miss Abby B. Neil, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. by the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Robinson D. Whitlock, of the house of Joel Davis, & Co. to Miss Jane M'Kay, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, the 23d ult. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. David Johnson, of the house of Johnson and Son, merchants, to Miss Laura Parmele, daughter of Mr. R. Parmele, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Rev. Daniel Sharp, Pastor of the Baptist church at Newark, to Miss Ann Cauldwell, daughter of Mr. John Cauldwell, merchant, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Alexander Wyley, Jun. to Miss Elizabeth Hopper, both of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Miss Christina Seger, daughter of Mr. William Seger, merchant, of this city.

At New-Orleans, on the 28th of November, Mr. Lawrence Clark, merchant of that place.

In Maryland, Col James Jackson, aged 74.

In this State the Rev. Philip T. Grotz, of the Lutheran Church.

In west Chester county, N. Y. Peter John Follow, called French Peter, supposed to be at the age of 120 years.

At Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J. Mrs. Helena Garrison, aged 82, daughter of Col. John Reid.

Our City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

NOW circling time, with ever rapid
haste,

Another year has stolen in his flight;
And now revolving earth again has
traced

Her annual circuit round the orb of
light.

Stern winter comes, and his attendant
train;

Now snow, and storms, and biting
frosts appear;

While bitter piercing winds, and pelt-
ing rain,

Alternate usher in the new-born year.

Arm'd with the terrors of the skies it
comes,

And riding on the wings of tempests
dire,

Makes its first entrance, wrapt in sul-
len glooms,

Or boist'rous raging in its dread at-
tire.

Severe its infant aspect—on its brow
No cheering smile is ever seen to
play,

But gloomy and forbidden to the view,
It frowns terrific on its natal day.

How dark and dreary the surrounding
scene,

How joyless and how desolate appear

The fields and woods, robb'd of their
verdant green!

How bleak the prospect of the rising
year!

Deep wrapp'd in snow, or bound in icy
chains,

Neglected lays the lately smiling
land;

While o'er the mournful face of nature
reigns

Silence, and desolation's iron hand.

And lo! the dreadful ravages of war

Now wide extend o'er Europe's
bloodstained shores!

The brazen throated trumpet from afar,
In unison with nature's tumult roars,

The dreadful monument shall evermore
Remain on record in th' historic page,
Of fell ambition,—curs'd lust of pow'r;
Remorseless cruelty, and lawless
rage.

But in this happy—this thrice happy
land—

Where though we *feel* for, yet we do
not feel,

The miseries that war's destroying hand
Makes thousand's suffer for their
country's weal.

Let us with gratitude and fervour pray,
That these calamities may shortly
cease;

And when we next shall hail this re-
turning day,

The world may rest in universal
peace.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO.

What are all the fleeting pleasures
Man with ceaseless toil pursues?
Vain his well concerted measures!
Sorrow still his cup imbrues.

Name not friendship, lives it ever
In the heart of pleasure's slave,

Vice her tender ties will sever,
Treachery dooms her to the grave.

Name not love, that sweet deceiver,
Like the meteor's vivid glare ;
Ah ! take heed how you believe her,
Take my caution, Oh ! beware.

Seek in this retreat secluded,
Peace you ne'er can find with man ;
By false hopes no more deluded,
Here be happy, if you can.

STANZAS,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO
MISS L——D, OF B——Y.

THE peaceful eve with smile serene,
Her twilight mantle spread ;
And Cynthia o'er the dewy green
A silv'ry lustre shed.

The feather'd songsters pleasing strain,
Amidst the leafy trees,
No longer charm'd the pensive swain,
Or echo'd on the breeze.

All, all were hush'd in every grove,
That borders S——'s vale,
Save Philomel, who tun'd her love,
And told her ev'ning tale.

On echo's ear her plaintive strains,
In mournful accents play'd ;
And, sweetly in the distant plains,
The warbling notes decay'd.

And canst thou leave the giddy throng,
And pace the church-yard drear,
To listen to her ev'ning song,
Soft swelling on the ear ?

Sweet bird of night ! for her extend
Each falling eve thy throat ;
And oh ! ye whisp'ring gales befriend
The melancholy note !

How happy is the swain who treads,
As gentle ev'ning bends,

With thee the S——'s sable shades,
And all thy steps attends.

The loves that round thy features play,
Bid, as their charms beguile,
To him those coral lips convey,
A Heav'n in their smile.

Oh could I stray, the wish how vain,
With thee the groves among,
And fondly listen to the strain,
That warbl'd from thy tongue.

At once, for ever, I'd resign,
Each busy scene of care,
To lisp the praise so justly thine,
Thou fairest of the fair.

The Irish Bard to his Harp.

TUNE—*Laugh-Sheeling.*

Adieu, my lov'd Harp ! for no more
shall the vale
Re-echo thy notes as they float on the
gale ;
No more melting Pity shall sigh o'er
thy string,
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly
sing.

When Battle's fell strife launch'd its
thunder afar,
And Valour's dark brow wore the hon-
ours of war,
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the
hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by the
sound.

Ye daughters of *Erin*, soon comes the
sad day
When over the urn where I sleep ye
shall say—
' Ah ! still is the song we repaid with a
' tear,
' And silent the string that delighted the
' ear !'